

Fix Me Up (So I Don't Break Again) by TheAuthorWhoWrote

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Summary:

She justifies herself, through the kisses they fervently exchange. She likes girls—

But the way he cups her face, traces the dots of her freckles with his thumbs, lets his forehead rest against hers.

—*She likes this too.*

/OR/

In which Robin looks for comfort in Steve's arms.

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Author's Note:

Just re-watched Season 3, and while at first viewing I didn't see the potential of this ship, dammit they got me. They got me good.

I really hope you all enjoy, it was eating me alive not to write this.

The seconds that befell that small stall felt like minutes to Robin. She'd just told Steve that she liked Tammy Thompson, she just told him what she never *dared* to tell anyone else... and he's silent. Staring off into the space next to her.

Her eyes fidget and feign to water up, she wants to be anywhere but in that stall right now, but yet wants to stay exactly right there because dammit she cares about what Steve Harrington thinks about her right now... in this moment in time, this bubble of a memory she couldn't forget even if she tried.

Her eyes fall on him, taking in his face in a millisecond. She memorizes the bruises, the swell of his eye, the cut on his lip, the crook of his broken nose.

"Steve," Her voice sounds distant. But the soft smile he offers her makes a ghost of a smile start to form on her own lips. "Did you O.D over there?"

He shakes his head softly, "No, just uh... just thinking,"

His eyes stayed glued to the space next to her.

"Okay," she says softly, fidgeting with her hair.

"I mean, yeah," he starts, his eyes slowly coming to look at her. "Tammy Thompson y'know she's cute and all but I mean, she's a total dud!"

"She is *not*."

“Yes she is, she wants to be a singer, wants to move to like Nashville and shit.”

“She has dreams.”

“She can’t even hold a tune,” She rolls her eyes at that.

“She’s completely tone-deaf, have you heard her?”

Robin laughs when Steve starts to mimic Tammy’s singing, and soon enough she joins in with his goofiness, agreeing with the fact that she *does* sound like a muppet. Though it didn’t deter Robin’s attraction to her at all.

Steve smiles.

She’s not sure if it’s the drugs, or the pure relief she feels when she sees him smile, he didn’t criticize her, he didn’t look at her with disgust or laugh at her. He’s still the same goofy dingus he always was, and she’s thankful for that.

Their hands somehow find each other, and unlike the first time where they separated in shock, they keep their fingers laced, until the door bursts open and Dustin and Erica walk in.

“Okay, what the hell?”

—

It’s been a year since the Russians. Since that... *thing*.

Many nights Robin fights in her sleep, she’d lay awake with moist cheeks and matted hair. She’d always curse or punch the air with a strangled yell as she lay awake in the early morning hours. She doesn’t care if anyone heard her, but even still... her parents were never around much, and like always. Nobody is there.

She works off of 4 hours of sleep and the cup of coffee Steve thankfully never forgets to bring her.

At work she’d notice him staring at her, his brown eyes silently questioning her.

She flashes him a smile, a sign that she's okay— a blatant lie.

But of course he knew.

He knew about the things they had to go through last summer. He knows about the Russians, the needles, the blood. He knew everything, and yet they never acted on it. The stares, the jokes, the insults, the smiles and smirks— the lies that fooled everyone else; *but not him.*

Many nights she would just *sit*, head in hands— the moonlight showing through the window of her bedroom, the only light that's available.

Sometimes she'd never get sleep, she sometimes went days without sleeping.

It's now 3 A.M.

She's awake again, Robin looked out the window. The sky was tar-black and the large clouds were looming over Hawkins. She heard a tapping on the window and then it became a pitter-patter. The sound of concrete and water became its own beat as the clouds spat out their beads of water. Puddles began plinking as the rainfall became angrier. The roofs of the neighboring cars danced with spray and she could hear the murmuring of the rain through the window. It sounded like the buzzing of angry bees.

Normally she'd walk around the block to clear her head. Take a stroll in the park, sit on a bench...

She doesn't know how she ends up on his roof, in front of his window. She doesn't know why she knocks, resting her head on the glass. Through the heavy rain she hears the shuffle of his covers, his soft footsteps coming towards the window, the clicks of the locks.

Robin Buckley was never easily rattled but tonight she felt defeated.

It's only until Steve opens the window he sees how drenched she is. He pulls her inside with a worried look on his face, and before she had a chance to say anything he hugs her, his face buried into her wet hair, his shirt tickling the side of her face.

His name is muffled by his shirt and the hiccups that jolted her smaller frame. Fingers claw at his shirt trying to impossibly pull him closer, to anchor herself to him.

She would be lying if she said her heart didn't stutter when he looked at her with a soft smile that only Steve Harrington could muster and dipped so just to kiss her gently. She would be lying if she said she had felt something more holy than the softness of his lips against hers. You're safe, he says in so many ways,

You're safe.

She justifies herself, through the kisses they fervently exchange. *She likes girls—*

But the way he cups her face, traces the dots of her freckles with his thumbs, lets his forehead rest against hers.

—She likes this too.

His hands find her lips, his touch is soft— *real*. His thumb gently gracing over her pink flesh. She feels like she needs him in more ways than one, to be here, now; not in a nightmare.

Every time she looks at him she pictures his battered face, the puff of his left eye, the bloodiness of his nose, the cut on his bottom lip— Her thoughts are cut off by his lips pressing softly to hers, bringing her back to the present.

His body is warm against hers and months of aching make themselves known, unfurling behind her ribs.

She feels she needs this. Steve being okay, letting her know that she's okay. Reassuring her that *they're okay*.

Her heart nearly bursts when his lips find hers again, they're feverish and gentle all at once, and she finds safety again, this time with his face pressed against her belly, steadying his breaths against the softness of her body. His hands whisper urgent promises onto her body, and delivers, with oaths spoken into her skin, against her lips, spilled across the cotton sheets she knows he has taken care to keep fresh.

Her heart almost stops when his hands travel along her body, his hands large and delicate; as if he can weave her back together with his love— so she doesn't break when the night comes.

She's thankful.

She tries to speak, her words stumbling as she tries to piece together her emotions, explain the nightmares and the reality she sees behind her eyelids. The deaths of Dustin and Erica, him laying dead in that small room that reeked with the stench of his blood— Steve presses his hand to her chest, palm calloused yet soft, and feels the patterns of her heart, breathes the words she has only just seen the truth of against his lips. They are surfeited and sainted, his voice in her ears and his soft gaze is the only benediction she needs. It is a repatriation and a baptism all at once.

They'll be okay.

Still, there are things she still needs to say that can't be said with his head between her thighs or his lips against hers. He lets her talk, patient as she fumbles through words she has never had to speak, not once in her lifetime. When she has finished, he draws her into his arms and doesn't let her go, and still she aches, but she is safe. She is always safe with Steve.

Author's Note:

There's a serious lack of core-focused Steve x Robin fics on here, so I hope this entertained you all. I love these two dorks.

Kudos and Comments are very very much appreciated! Until Next Time~

—TheAuthorWhoWrote